

Bismarck, D. T., Mar. 17, 1875.

With three more issues of the TRIBUNE—Vol. 2, No. 39—fully one-fourth of our subscriptions will have expired. If you wish to keep posted; if you wish the unfinished chapters of the "Amazonian Corps;" if you wish reliable information from the Black Hills, renew your subscriptions at once—only \$1.00, and the Custer Chrono given to every yearly subscriber. Remember all names are erased from our books as fast as subscriptions expire.

There are also several of our citizens who are sending the TRIBUNE to their friends, whose subscriptions expire "about these days." If you wish them continued call and see us, otherwise they will be stricken from the roll.

Col. Power and Baker are building a boat for the Benton traffic, which will be launched next week.

A bill has been introduced in the Canadian Parliament to organize a new territory west of Manitoba, which will be tributary to the business of Bismarck if established.

Washington dispatches of the 12th mention the contemplated withdrawal of a portion of the troops from Louisiana. This means the 7th cavalry, which may be expected in Bismarck next month.

Arrangements are concluded for Montana business over the Northern Pacific this season. The responsibility of the Company will terminate at Bismarck. The Diamond R Line have arranged with Coulson for a weekly line of boats from Bismarck to Carroll. The prospects for business are very flattering.

The Minneapolis Tribune, of the 11th, publishes a rumor, which seems well founded, that the Northern Pacific people have determined to construct a narrow gauge line from Bismarck to the Yellowstone, in order to accommodate the Montana traffic. This will involve an expenditure of two and a half million dollars which the stockholders and some of the large bond holders propose to furnish. There is some truth in the story.

The Sioux City party insist that they will go to the Black Hills in spite of military interference. They call a point in Nebraska, a few miles south of the Hills, Gordon City, and they propose concentrating there, and straggling over in small parties. The Yankton party also propose to go. It is alleged that if caught they can only be held as guilty of trespass, and that the government will not dare to confiscate or destroy their property. Some of the larger newspapers ridicule the idea of trying to stop the tide.

A Colorado Jury.

Two of the witnesses gave testimony in such a manner as to cast severe reflections upon each other's veracity. After they had given their evidence they adjourned outside, and, after a lively dispute, concluded that the best way to establish their several claims to truth would be to fight the matter out in the good, old-fashioned, rough-and-tumble style. So at it they went, and just as H. C. Thatcher was addressing the jury, somebody yelled "fight," and out ran the constable and jurors, despite the remonstrances of the court and the attorney—the latter, having just arrived from the States, being decidedly astonished at the abrupt departure of those "peers," upon whom he had been lavishing the flowers of rhetoric. The scene outside the Court House was a curious one. One of the pugilists—the one on top—was a friend of Constable Joe Cox, and that worthy would call out: "I command the peace!" and then, stooping down, he would say to his friend in a low tone, "Give him h—l!" This state of affairs continued for some time, until finally Joe's friend was turned by his antagonist; and then it occurred to Joseph that he ought to put an end to this outrageous violation of the dignity of the court, and the peace and quiet of the community. Accordingly, he called upon George Chapman, who was standing by, to separate the combatants, which George proceeded to do, though several of the jury were so disgusted at the abrupt termination of the fun that they pulled off their coats and threatened to thrash him for his efforts in discharging his duties as a citizen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Which would you rather do for a steady business, go to Wheeling Virginia, or go to Fortin Iowa?

In describing the execution of a man in Ohio the other day, one exclaims: "It was a spring, he stepped down and not up directly."

It is said that when the messenger of the Sergeant-at-Arms handed Col. King the subpoena of the Ways and Means Committee to appear and testify, the Colonel immediately offered to give his notes on ninety days.

A Cicero lawyer pictured the meanness of an opponent by saying that if his soul should be placed inside of a mustard seed it would have as much playroom as a woodchuck would have in the State of Connecticut.

The Springfield Republican has its rational intervals, as witness the following: "If two-thirds of the American newspapers were forced to cut down their size to 25 to 50 per cent., and get the same matter into the reduced space, it would be occasion of rejoicing both for their creditors and their readers."

A Syracuse girl declined to engage herself to the object of her affections until his father had given her a written guarantee that his son was not only sound "in wind and limb," but of good morals, gentle and warranted to behave well both in 'single and double harness.' That did not intend to be seen in a divorce court.

The Norwich Advertiser says: "A young lady, very pretty, walked around the new road (seven miles) in one hour and forty-five minutes. We remember escorting her around the road once by moonlight. Time—four hours and forty-five minutes. And then she said she wasn't in a hurry. The old folks had gone to camp-meeting."

If any man does not know or understand what 'a paroxysmal kiss' is, let him not try to learn anything of it by example. As the doctor, he'll find too late that "a paroxysmal kiss" contains more breach of promise, more divorce court, more H. W. B., more *scam, mag.*, more "ragged edge" of hell to the cubic inch than anything he has ever seen before.

A Swiss boatman recently pulled a would-be-suicide out of Lake Geneva. An hour or two after the boatman discovered the same man hanging by the neck to a tree, but did not interfere that time. The magistrate summoned him to answer why he did not prevent the suicide, and he replied that he supposed the gentleman had only hung himself up to dry.

A Georgetown man unconsciously got himself into trouble on Monday evening. His wife asked him where he was going, as she observed him putting on his overcoat. "I am going to stay forth," he replied. "Let me catch you going with any Sally Forth and there will be a first-class opportunity for your fire company to throw themselves on a set of unnecessary resolutions."

A wee bit of a girl, while at the breakfast table a few mornings since, made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity of that nourishing article, she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and explained, "Well, give me an unbroken piece and send for the doctor."

Passing along Sixth street a policeman halted in front of a house which had two windows, and sticking his head through one of them he saw a man seated on a chair with his head bound up, looking as if a big roach had taken place. "What's been the row here?" he asked of a woman who sat holding a baby on her lap. "You see that man there?" she replied; "well, he's my husband. The baby's sick, and he said give her castor oil, and I said goose grease, and that he lays."

A man nearly sixty years old, who was going out to Joe Hodgson's, went into a barber-shop on the Avenue, put on a side-board paper collar, sat down to get shaved, combed and scented up, and then started out without offering to pay. The barber stopped him, when the old man said that he hadn't a cent. "How dared you come in here if you had no money?" exclaimed the barber. "I'm going out to the poorhouse on the next car," replied the old man, "and I'm bound to look decent if it breaks the town!"

A young married lady in Paris not long ago was devoured by her husband, who is somewhat older than herself, in a *haciion*. Taxed with her guilt, the young lady admitted: "I love him, and I will continue to love him." "Love in such cases means madness," said the husband very calmly, "and I fear you will be mad. I will have your case looked to." The next day, under a letter of lunacy, the young wife was taken to the insane asylum at Charenton, and has since remained there.

The late Lord Brougham, who at one time was proverbial for his gallantry to the fair sex, was pleading in a jury cause before the late Lord —, and his client happening to be a female, and defender in the action, of the name of Tickler, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain: "Fleekle, my client, the defendant, my lord." The audience, amazed with the oddity of the speech, were drawn into hysterics of laughter, by the Judge, replying: "Fleekle her yourself, Harry; you're better able to do it than I am."

The sick squaw of a dusky chief in Washington Territory lately told her noble husband that she didn't think that she should ever feel any better unless he killed her doctor. This is a novel and startling view of medical matters, and interesting to the profession. The doctor was duly killed; and upon being tried for his murder, the chief was acquitted on the ground that he acted in defense of his wife's life! The doctors in those regions must feel a little doubtful about continuing in the business under such circumstances.

It was in Galveston. The little fellow had heard of Charlie Ross, and didn't mean to have any such fuss in his case. When a suspicious-looking man asked him to ride he accepted, but when he had gone, as he thought, far enough, he managed to drop his hat. Not wishing to leave so marked an object to possible surmises, the man alighted to pick it up, and then the little 5-year-old strategists grasped the reins and took a bee-line for home, where the horse and buggy still remain, waiting, as are also a couple of policemen, for the owner to call.

A New Orleans Judge, riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered: "Yes." "Why do you wear a veil?" "I lost it, I attract gentlemen." "It is the province of gentlemen to admire, when they are married." "But I am not." "Indeed?" "Oh, no, I'm a bachelorette." The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He has been a raving maniac ever since.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes to that journal: "Many ladies just now are wearing deep fur trimmings around their walking dresses. The London street-thieves have just invented a new mode of robbery, which it is well that the ladies should know. Coming behind the lady at a favorable moment with a sharp knife, they cut the fur down right in half just at the center of the back, and then, after giving a sharp tug with each hand, tears off as much fur as will come off at one pull. Ladies should, therefore, be careful to sew their fur trimmings on to the cloth as firmly as possible, for if loosely tacked on, the thief, as a better chance, will probably get more or less of it when he gives the snatch."

A convict in the Massachusetts State Prison, the Boston *Traveler* says, has wrought out, with a pocket knife, a pair of beautiful and highly polished ivory hands. They are a little over an inch long, and the fingers, nails, joints, and all are perfectly formed and in perfect proportions. Between the thumb and forefinger of each hand is held a tiny red rose. The cuffs are fastened with sleeve-buttons, and above the cuff in each is a small piece of black ivory, representing the dress on the arms. In these there are golden rings or staples, so that they may be worn as charms on a watch or as ornaments for the ears. They were given by the artist who wrought them to a fellow-prisoner, who sold them for \$2, to obtain the means to bind some books and pamphlets which he had collected in his cell. When told by the Chaplain that the State would furnish the money for that purpose, he replied that he did not wish to put the State to that expense when he could meet it in this way himself. *Massachusetts State Prison*

There's nothing half so sweet in life as a school girl's chewing gum.

Those young men who part their hair in the middle affect to be literary should remember that pigs literary also.

Boston wants its intellectual superiority in that a conductor of one of its horse cars is a graduate of a first-class college, but he is no more accurate in reading the whale bones in a lady's womb than in getting into the car with his knowledge of the combinatorics on the same line who spell Jerusalem with a small "g."

About three months ago, writes our Prairie City correspondent, a young man came into a life-insurance office in this place, and made application for a \$5,000 policy on his life, in favor of a young lady, his affianced wife, premiums payable quarterly. This morning (Jan. 26) he appeared at the office and inquired whether or not he could have the policy changed, and what would become of it if he concealed it to pay another premium. The agent informed him that such a policy was not transferable, and in case of non-payment of premium, it would drop.

The young man said "in view of the fact that the young lady has married another man, I do not feel my duty to keep it up, and, if you have no objection, I will let it drop."

A correspondent of the London *Times* describes a very simple contrivance which he recommends every skater to carry with him as a precaution in case of accident. "Having myself immersed," he writes, "and, know, therefore, how exceedingly difficult it is to get out unaided, but that a very slight assistance is sufficient, I can confidently venture to assert that many fatal accidents might be prevented if every skater carried in his pocket a piece of stout string or small cross pieces of wood at each end." In the event of any person falling through the ice, his companion, if so provided, could lie down on the sound ice and throw his piece of cord to the man in the water, who might manage by its aid to support himself until further help arrived.

When Mr. Blank lost his wife, he lay down on the floor, and for seven hours, without intermission, except for meals, he beat the carpet vehemently with his boot heels, and cried, "What shall I do?" when his elderly servant mildly said, "She's in a better place." He beat the ground still more violently, and roared more piteously than ever. Still nothing seemed to come of it, and echo merely sent his mild question back again upon his swelling heart. In sympathetic tone his faithful attendant warned him that he would wear himself out, whereat he became inconsolable, and franticly exclaimed, "What shall I do?" The elderly woman advised him to look out of the window awhile. He looked out, and in six months he was a newly-married man. His neighbor, who had sustained a similar loss, never groaned, and never married again.

In a little village of Southern France the physician quarreled with one of his friends a merchant, because the latter had said that physicians were asses. The merchant soon after this fell ill, but the doctor refused to see him unless he would take back his opinion of the medical profession. Ten years passed on and one day as the semi-paralyzed merchant was sunning himself before his door, he saw the doctor pass. "Hello, Dr. Bussagard," he cried, "you can come to see me now; I have changed my opinion." "So much the better," replied the doctor, "for unless you had I should never recognize you." "Yes, I've changed my opinion, entirely changed it," continued the merchant; "formerly I said physicians were asses." "You were wrong." "I knew it; it is the patients who are the asses." "Why so?" "Because if they were not asses they would not send for the doctors."

A new Venus of the purest Parian marble was discovered on the Esquiline in Rome on Dec. 22. The statue is perfectly nude, and is the figure of a lovely girl of seventeen. She stands with both feet upon the ground and close together, the left a couple of inches further back, with the heel very slightly raised. A moment before she was erect, but she has dropped into an easier position, with the left knee bent forward and inward against the right. Her left hand is resting on the knot of hair on the back of her head, while her right holds the fillet she has already passed several times round it. In doing this she has swayed a little over and down to the right, bringing the left side forward. The shoulders are well set back, and the face is turned to the right and a little downward, showing from the front a not quite three-quarter view. It is thought that the statue will take rank above the Medicean Venus.

A few days ago a couple from Iowa, on their way East, had to stop in this city, owing to the wife's illness. They went to a hotel, and for the first day or two the husband didn't complain of the cost, but when his wife grew worse and a doctor was called in, which was not done, he began to grumble on to the doctor, who was very determined. On the fifth day the doctor looked apologetic and said: "The woman would probably die." The husband consulted with the hotel clerk and with the freight agent, and going back to his wife he leaned over her and sobbed: "Oh! Sarah Jane! you manut die here!"

"I don't want to leave you, Palatine," she replied, "but I fear that my time has come."

"If my time has come I must go," she said.

"Yes; I suppose so, but if I could only get you back home first I'd save at least forty dollars on funeral expenses, and forty dollars don't grow on every bush!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The junior editor of the *Gallatin* — is noted for his modesty. When schoolboys he and the writer were inseparable companions, probably because we both stood in such holy awe of "the gals." A pair of mischievous black eyes would stampede us quicker than a "big dog." One day "Bob" was sent to neighbor Shaw's to inquire about some straw for filling beds, and of course the writer went with him. Mr. Shaw was the father of six, hateful girls that had rather laugh at a fellow than not, and when we arrived they were all seated at dinner. I dodged behind the corner while Bob edged carefully in at the door, and with a scared look stammered, "Mr. Shaw, can you let me have enough straw to fill my bed?"

"Well, R—," said the old gentleman, glancing around the circle of astonished faces, "I suppose so; here are six, besides the old woman, but I'd rather leave her if the girls will be mean to her. Take you all and God bless you."

"Perfectly," said the young editor, and, taking off his cap, followed by the writer, and cried from the old man to come back and help the old woman too."

"Come back here you black rascal!" That is what the young lady said. The young lady, who was closing the window-blinds at the twilight hour, and seeing her little black dog sitting on the stoop, wagging his tail, and wistfully looking up at her, her heart was moved with an impulse of affection toward her pet canine, shivering in the cold, and wagging out his mate appeal. So she hastened to the door, and, throwing it open, gave vent to the loving expression we have quoted: "Come in here you black rascal!"

So far as the dog was concerned, he seemed to understand the terms of endearment addressed him, but when the young lady's pastor, dressed all in black from top to toe, stepped from the shady side of the doorway, he wore a serious expression on his countenance. The young lady looked at the reverend gentleman and blushed. The dog wagged his tail as if willing to divide the honors. We don't know exactly how it came out. But report has it that the good man regarded doubtfully the "scam" beast.

"I—I meant the other—this other—come in and see me!"

Our readers have not forgotten the nondescript animal answering to the name of "Wallapu," which was first exhibited in this city about four years ago. This singular animal came to Oregon as a sort of showman with John Wilson's circus. When the circus company left, the "wallapu" was disposed of to some person living in this city. For a year or more past the animal has been kept at Voo's Villa. A few days ago when the extreme cold weather came on, the animal, not being accustomed to such a rigorous climate, broke loose from the building in which it was kept, and wandered into the city. With its tail dangling about its head, the animal presented a fearful aspect. The meeting of this unnatural compound of a horse, cow and buffalo, as it were, wandering about the city after night was enough to frighten the boldest heart.

A few nights ago the "wallapu" stuck its head in a saloon door down street, and not only interrupted an interesting game of draw poker, but caused the players to "throw up their hands" in absolute terror.

On Monday morning the half-fornal creature layed the Chinese quarters in one portion of the city, and scared the Mongolian denizens treacherously.

Chief Lappus hearing the noise, in order to have the "wallapu" taken into custody, which was done.

The animal was then taken to one of the livery stables where it now is. The owner, who ever he is, should make some provision for the poor creature, and not suffer it to run loose, exposed to the chilling blasts,

and without food and water, as it is now.

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MAUD MULLER IN COLORADO.

The Judge came riding slowly by; a tear stood in his bright blue eye. His bugle was on

